

The contention of the two famous Houses,

And then it liu'd in sweete Elyziam,
By thee to die, were but to dye in ieast,
From thee to dye, were torment more then death,
Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Queene Oh mightst thou stay with safety of thy life,
Then shouldst thou stay, but heauens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeald.

Suff. I goe.

Queene. And take my heart with thee.

She kisseth him.

Suff. A iewell lockt into the wofulst caske,
That euer yet containd a thing of worth,
Thus like a splitted Barke, so sunder we,
This way fall I to death.

Exit Suffolke.

Queene. This way for me.

Exit Queene.

*Enter King and Salisbury, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the
Cardinall is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were
mad.*

Car. Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,
I'll giue thee as much gold as will purchase such another Island.

King. Oh, see my Lord of Salisbury how he is troubled,
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule.

Car. Why died he not in his bed?

What would you haue me to do then?

Can I make men liue whether they will or no?

Sirra, go fetch me the poyson which the Pothicary sent me.

Oh, see where Duke *Humfries* ghost doth stand,

And stares me in the face. Look, looke, coame downe his haire,
So now hee's gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

Sal. See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.

King. Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly blisse,
Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.

Car. dies.

Oh see he dyes, and makes no signe at all,

Oh God forgieue his soule.

Sal. So bad an end did neuer none behold,
But as his death, so was his life in all.

King

Yorke and Lanca.

King. Forbeare to iudge, good Salsb
For God will iudge vs all.
Go take him hence, and see his funeral

*Alarmer within, and the Chambers bee a
fight at sea. And then enter the Captan
ster, and the Masters mate, and the Dr
others with him, & Water Whickmore.*

Cap. Bring forward these prisoners
Vnlade their goods with speed, and si
Here Master, this prisoner I giue to yo
This other, the Masters mate shall haue
And *Water Whickmore* thou shalt haue
And let them pay their ransome ere th

Suffolke. Water!

Water. How now, what dost feare r
Thou shalt haue better cause anon.

Suff. It is thy name affrights me, no
I do remember well, a cunning wizza
That by *Water* I should dye:

Yet let not that make thee bloody m
Thy name being rightly sounded,
Is *Gualter*, not *Walter*.

Walter. *Gualter* or *Water*, al's one
I am the man must bring thee to thy d

Suff. I am a Gentleman, looke on m
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it sha

Walter. I lost mine eye in boording
And therefore ere I Merchant-like sel
Then cast me headlong downe into t

2. Prison. But what shall our ransom

Mai. A hundred pounds a peece, ey

2. Prison. Then saue our liues, it sha

Water. Come sirra, thy life shall be

Suff. Stay villaine, thy prisoner is a

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